

FACT, FATE AND FANCY.

More Ways of Living than One.

By MRS. A. J. DUNWAY.

AUTHOR OF "DUNSTON," "ELLEN DORRIS,"
"AMY AND HENRY," "THE HAPPY
ROSE," "THE WOMAN'S SISTER,"
"MADONNA,"
"ETC., ETC., ETC."[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the
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CHAPTER XXII.

"I—I—please let me go with you to
the store, Mr. Snowdon, I want to
speak with you," she exclaimed, falter-
ingly."But, I don't understand, my daughter,
I thought you were in the coun-
try!" replied the narrow-visaged, little
man, his face as well as his voice ex-
pressing an odd admixture of astonish-
ment and indignation."I will explain by-and-by, Mr. Snow-
den. Come on, please."The narrow-visaged, little man heaved
a sigh of relief. He had entered the
door of Jared's office intent upon a des-
perate errand. Never before, in all his
keen financial speculations, had he been
in such a strait as now.It is a well-known adage that misfor-
tunes never come singly. Alonzo Snow-
den, senior, had been disturbed by sleep-
less nights for months prior to the last
reverses that were now upon him, and
of the existence of which not one of
his family yet had the least suspicion.After he had borrowed the money
from a speculator to release himself
from the clutches of the law, which
clutches he had had all the more reason
to dread because he had well known that
the man was not a man who dealt in
mercy, he had breathed more easily for
a very brief season. But complications
thickened around him, and the breakers
of bankruptcy drew nearer continually.
His only hope now was to stave off the
legal importunities of his creditors by a
small advance payment until something
should turn up, and he really did not
know what. A drowning man will not
more eagerly clutch at a straw than will
a man who is sinking into insolvency
seek to retrieve his fallen fortunes by the
merest ghosts of subterfuges. And
Snowden knew that Jared regarded him
with suspicion, so it was doubly hard
for him to seek a loan in that quarter.A sudden knock, accompanied by a
sharp twinge of fear, shot through his
frame when he encountered Grace. He
was too full of his own troubles to note
that her eyes were wild and glistening,
and her cheeks flaming with excitement.
She was the single straw that came in
his way at which he clutched instinctively."God must have sent you to me,
Grace," he said, as soon as they were
alone."Why do you think so?" asked
Grace, in her mind of course referring
to her husband's trouble."Because I have cried unto him, and
he has promised to deliver all who be-
lieve in him, from the ways of dark-
ness.""How long have you known, sir,
that Alonzo Snowden was a bad man?"
"Who said that I said he was bad?"
and the wild, nervous little man gave
a more nervous start than even when he
had suddenly met her face to face."Nobody has need to say it, sir. Facts
speak for themselves.""Woman!" and the prematurely old
and narrow-visaged little man grasped
her hand eagerly, "what do you know
about my son that is bad? Are you
going to turn against him too?""I know enough, sir, to put him in
the State prison if he had his just deserts. Indeed, I know all.""He didn't tell you about that money,
did he?" asked the old man in a still
more excited way."That forgery, do you mean?" asked
Grace, involuntarily, though why she
should have spoken thus, she could not
for her life have told. But now the
question was out, and its import fright-
ened her."Who told you that Alonzo was a
forger?" he cried, his voice husky and
his eyes glaring."Nobody," was Grace's truthful re-
ply. "He is your son, and I beg your
pardon for having made such a re-
mark.""But he's your husband, woman! And
you and he must stand or fall together!""Mr. Snowdon, let us not again al-
lude to this painful subject while we are
on the street. See, we are attracting
the attention of the passers-by.""True, I had forgotten. But here we
are at my store. Let us go in."The wiry, nervous little man twisted
nervously at the shank of a pious
key, and in a moment the rusty pivots
of the door hinges swung creaking back
and admitted them into what seemed to
Grace a mighty cavern, so dark and
mouldy and damp was it."Do you spend much of your time
here, Mr. Snowdon?" she asked, with a
shiver."I've spent two-thirds of my exist-
ence here during the past quarter of a
century," he replied, in a voice so low
that Grace was reminded of the old
hymn, "Hark from the tombs!""But you don't stay here in this semi-
darkness," said Grace, with an ex-
clamation of wonder in her voice that

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LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

The most beautiful contribution from
the South to the North, beating all the
yellow-fever contributions, was the big
snow-storm which came all the way
from Texas and arrived here on Wednes-
day and Thursday. It is the greatest
fall of snow since 1867, and is celebrated
with some eccentric novelties, the most
attractive of which are the sleigh races
or regularly made matches between fa-
mous trotters. At Fleetwood Park,
Derby, Fitzgerald and Cobweb per-
formed to a delighted audience, and
with the merry refrain of the jingling
bells, gave an exquisite flavor and dash
to the noble sports. Derby won 2-36,
and all the ages seemed to like the track
and prefer the sled to the giddy, whirl-
ingly. On the blinding white snow,
exemplified by a pure blue sky, there was
one flying champion who was as curious
for his looks as for his speed. He was a
trotter, black as the infernal steel rid-
den by the Wild Huntman's companion
in his last chase. He got away with
all competitors as if he had indeed
something of diabolical inspiration in
him. His infernal presence seemed to
melt the snow under his heels with a
glow from the furnace of Erebus. It
was the "nigger baby." He had been
sent from the South along with the
snow storm to demonstrate what "solid"
really meant. St. Nicholas and Jerome
Avenues made brilliant displays, and at
the Fifth Avenue entrance to Central
Park eight thousand teams passed one
way in two hours; the gay procession,
in gala rig, fancy-colored robes and rich
furs, was gorgeous in the extreme, and
the white ground of the picture made it
all the more brilliant, while the dia-
mond-like eyes of beautiful women shed
a phosphorescent light over the whole
scene, and made a fairy-like, unearthly
effect, charming and intoxicating.Although Alonzo had been elected
speaker of the New York State Assem-
bly, it was almost by the skin of his
teeth. He got only four majority. The
farmers, producers, dairymen and others
who smart under railroad burdens and
toils, pressed a Mr. Sloan. The candi-
date of the New York Central road was
Jim Husted, a city politician of about
the usual normal importance, who could
be relied on to do anything required. The
Vanderbilt interest, however, saw that
Husted could certainly be defeated, and
they moved every cog to beat Sloan.
The charter of the New York Central is
forfeited every hour in the year. They
are not allowed to charge more than two
cents a mile in any event for carrying
passengers, and to get around this they
incorporated the Wagner cars and had a
special bill passed allowing them for
fixed rates to operate these cars. They
have since violated every one of these.
I understand that the bridge at Albany is
a special corporation, and nearly the
private property of the Vanderbilts.
The rates of toll on this bridge were
regulated by statute, but they really get
ten cents for everybody who passes over
it, equal to five miles of their road bed.
The bridge is said to pay for itself every
year and a half.There can be little doubt now that the
widow of A. T. Stewart has paid \$50,000
for her husband's corpse to the thieves,
through the agency of a law firm, "no
questions asked," and the lawyers re-
ceiving a commission both ways for their
nefarious part in the transaction. The
elaborate celebration of the marriage of
Mrs. Stewart's niece to Mr. With-
well, and certain remarks which highly
trusted and confidential friends of the
family repeated, with the negative
part of Judge Hilton to all questions,
constitute fair enough proof that the
millionaire's remains were successfully
bartered, and will at last rest in the
crypt of the Stewart memorial cathed-
ral at Garden City. The cathedral,
however, does not yet present the ap-
pearance of expecting its distinguished
occupant, though the accommodations
look as if the individual brought there
was expected to stay. In a shed hard
by the unfinished edifice are the famous
Centennial bells that rung at the Phila-
delphia Exposition. The crypt is so
solid looking that it is likely to defy any
future speculation on the dead million-
aire; but the success of this big venture
of the ghouls will certainly encourage
enterprises and develop that line of
business.The day Hunter was hanged at Cam-
den, N. J., I found Walt Whitman, who
bears in his old age a striking resem-
blance to Longfellow, occupying the
house of Mr. Scovell, one of Hunter's
counsel. Whitman has recovered from
several attacks of paralysis, and has a
clear head and discourses rationally.
There was a good deal of wisdom in his
prose philosophy. He is about sixty
years of age. He reasoned in Hunter's
crime, that it arose from our having
displaced from our belief the old religion
and substituted nothing for it. We
strive to keep our social place and get
property, which is the principal crite-
rion of our society. This man Hunter
went to church and read his Bible, and
yet, shows by his acts that he had no
belief in his nominal religion, while his
real worship was to acquire, to collect
debts, and cheat insurance companies.
He thought himself entirely right in
killing the man who wouldn't pay him,
and being compensated for his loss and
danger by moated corporations. In
this state of things, Walt Whitman
reasoned, the American nation had"O, child! Isn't that enough?"
"I can't see, sir, as it is anything so
hopelessly distressing. You can begin
life over again, you know."
"But the facts, as they come to light,
will disgrace me forever."
"Forever is a long time, Mr. Snow-
den."
"I know it! Alas, I know it!"
"But why will bankruptcy disgrace
you? You have simply failed in some
of your calculations, and cannot meet
your liabilities. That's all. Only do
the very best you can, and you will
soon be able to hold your head up
again.""But 'Lonzo. Surely you must
forget him?"
"No, I don't. He's young and strong
and able to look out for himself."
"But you don't see. He's in the
clutches of the law; or he will be, as
soon as the facts are known."
"What are the facts?"
"Didn't his mother tell you about
Nancy Shaddon?"
Grace blushed and trembled, in a
poorly suppressed transport of shame
and anger."Yes," she answered, hotly. "And I
am only sorry that she could not tell
me that his perfidy had killed him."
"Do you despise him so utterly as
that?"
"I do."
"Then I am afraid to tell you more."
"But you must."
"Alas, I know it. You will neces-
sarily know all, sooner or later, and it
is better that I tell you now than that you
be kept in suspense."Grace sat before her father-in-law and
felt her strength going.
"Heaven nerve me for the worst!"
she sighed, faintly."Mrs. Snowden has told you," contin-
ued the narrow-visaged little man, "of
the straits to which I was reduced, and
from which I only saved myself as by
fire in order that I might, for family
reasons, hide the shame of my son's
misconduct. But she did not know that
in order to save him from the State
prison I was compelled to commit for-
gery.""O, Mr. Snowdon! You?"
"Yes."
"And does Alonzo know of this?"
"He does."
"Then he is a hundred fold more a
miscreant than I had deemed it possible
for any man to be and live.""Don't reproach him, my daughter. He
is in the hands of an avenging God."
"I should rather say he was in the
clutches of an offending demon."
"Can you tell me what to do, my
daughter?"
"Certainly. You must settle that ob-
ligation.""It is settled already."
"Then, why should it so deeply trou-
ble you?"
"Be patient and you shall know all."
"I am all attention."
"In order to lift that forged obligation
which was in the hands of Jared, the
Jew, I was compelled to pledge the deed
to your thousand acres.""Then, my dear Grace, what would
you have me to do?"
"Teach him that you are not to be
trifled with; that exposure and disgrace
is nothing to you in contrast with your
own integrity. A while ago I stumbled
upon the fact that he was a forger.
Upon my word, I never heard anybody
say so, till I said it myself. But, no
matter. I know it's true, all the same,
and now I want to know the entire
truth.""And you won't betray him?"
"No; but I shall see that he repays
the uttermost farthing."
"And will you stand by him, really,
and see it all paid up without any pub-
lic scandal?"
"That, sir, depends upon whether or
not there is any hope of his reforma-
tion. I shall never lend myself to any
scheme to shelter villainy.""But, what will you do?"
"I do not know."
"Then, why are you so positive?"
"Because I think I understand the in-
imate principles of right and wrong.""Grace," and the prematurely old
and narrow-visaged little man bent low
before the face of his daughter-in-law as
he spoke, "I am ruined, soul and body,
if you do not aid me. None other can
save me except yourself only.""What claim have you upon me, Mr.
Snowden, that you come to me with a
confession like this?"
"Are you not my daughter-in-law,
the wife of my poor son, Alonzo?"
"Yesterday I thought I was his wife;
to-day, by the grace of God and the dic-
tates of my own conscience, I am his
widow.""Then, you repudiate him?"
"I do."
The old man sank upon the floor at
her feet and trembled in every nerve.
"Then my last hope is gone," he
wailed, in a voice so sepulchrally low
and sad that the young wife's heart was
deeply touched."While there is life there is hope,
Mr. Snowdon. Maybe it isn't so bad
as you think."
"Ah, child; you don't know."
"Then tell me all about it and I will
know."
"You will despise me, Grace, and I do
so need you as friend.""Then you must trust me."
"Grace, I am a bankrupt."
"Is that all?"An ex-clergyman says: "There is
some reason for young girls going crazy
over a clergyman, but there is none for
the married women. Yet a few of these
would ruin themselves and the clergy,
too, if they had the chance. Especially
is this the case where the husband is
careless and leaves his wife at home.
If he will not consent to be the home
idol, the minister is exalted to that po-
sition, and then both minister and
women must pray with their might
that they may be delivered from temp-
tation."

[To be continued.]

[To be continued.]

more of everything else than honesty.
He thought our intellect and our phys-
ical energy superb and he believed in
the republic, and yet with all that more
than any other nation, we were tied to
the idea of gain and financial independ-
ence as our god. There is more sound
reasoning in this than in the sermons.Some of the friends of the late Ray-
ard Taylor are preparing a memoir of
the dead poet, with a view both to doing
full justice to his memory and to bene-
fitting his widow and daughter, who are,
it is feared, in rather straitened cir-
cumstances. Nearly all of them, and
they are many, have had long and very
interesting private letters from him,
while at home and abroad, on literature,
art, society, national traits and promi-
nent men and women. These are said
to be much superior to any of his pub-
lished correspondence, because they have
a greater freedom, freshness and
fervor. He had been in the habit of
corresponding for many years with the
most noted literatures in Great Britain,
France, Italy and Germany, and had in
his collection any number of delightful
letters from such men as Tennyson,
Browning, Lewes, Schopenhauer, Charles
Reade, Wilkie Collins, Dickens, Reman,
Palme, Chervulsky, Hugo, Auerbach,
Spielhagen, Haackelander, Humboldt,
Manzoni, Turgeneff and many others.
These are on a great variety of topics,
and would be an invaluable addition to
the proposed memoir, which, with in-
numerable particulars of Taylor's strict-
ly private life, ought certainly to make
a very interesting work. AUGUST.
New York, January 20, 1879.

They Will not Be Respected.

"Women now get the inside of the
walk, the best seat in the cars, etc., but
when they vote and hold office they will
have to rough it. They will get no re-
spect from men."This is often said by certain classes of
opponents of Woman Suffrage. But
here comes a bit from the other side.
The Omaha Republican champions the
nomination of Miss Strickland to a clerk-
ship in the Nebraska House of Repre-
sentatives, as follows: "Gentlemen of
the House, testify your grateful mem-
ory of the honored patriot dead, in the
appointment, by acclamation, of Miss
Strickland to the best office in your
gift."Again, in the next issue, the same
paper says: "Miss Strickland's appoint-
ment to a legislative clerkship is as
good as assured. We are glad to learn
that Superintendent Irving with charac-
teristic liberality has tendered the young
lady free passage to and from Lincoln,
during the session, and accompanied
the same with a personal expression of
the best wishes for her health and suc-
cess in her labors."The Madison county Chronicle, follow-
ing, says: "In honor of her lamented
father, Miss Strickland ought to be
elected to the position of clerk by the
members of the House."
The while the young lady is actually
"running for office," these gentlemen
help to settle the question whether
women will receive the respect of men
or not, when they vote and hold office.—
Woman's Journal.PROHIBITION OF STOCK BOARDS.—
On Thursday the Constitutional Con-
vention took final action on the section
of the new constitution which com-
pels the legislature "to regulate or pro-
hibit" the stock exchanges. Mr.
Reynolds, a delegate from this city, of-
fered a substitute to abolish the stock
boards altogether, and supported it with
a few forcible remarks. Owing, how-
ever, to the indisposition of the mem-
bers to change the work of the commit-
tee of the whole, and probably because
it was generally thought better to leave
the subject to the legislature, the pro-
posed amendment was lost by a vote of
40 yeas to 84 nays. There is little doubt
that the next legislature will do the
work. The stock manipulators, by their
reckless deals, false reports of ore
discovered, and other such practices,
have caused a loss of millions of dollars
in the stock values, are rapidly creating a
public opinion which will certainly crystal-
lize into a law forbidding the business
altogether. There can be no real pros-
perity in the State so long as properties
of little intrinsic value can be marketed
for millions of dollars.—S. F. Chronicle."Yes, I whistle when I am at work,"
admits an industrious young lady, "and
let no one deny me that privilege when
working alone at my sewing machine.
If I am compelled to walk the street
alone at night, I never fear danger at an
approaching footstep. If it be accompa-
nied with the music of whistling, I do
not believe a person can whistle who is
intent on evil."Charity, or love, is the connecting
link which unites earth to heaven, and
man to man. While this remains se-
cure, justice, benevolence, truth, con-
scientiousness, will form parts of the
beauteous whole, without which the
bond of society must be uprooted, and
this earth relapse into a second chaos.Sulpicius refused to get his wife a new
hat, and soon after his little daughter
came and said, "Mamma, won't you
buy me a monkey to play with when
you go down town?" "No, darling,"
said the mother, "I won't buy you a
monkey, as I did!" replied the grief-stricken
wife, her tears bursting forth afresh.It is easy to pick holes in other peo-
ple's work, but it is far more profitable
to do better work yourself. Is there
a foot in all the world who cannot criti-
cize? Those who themselves can do
good service are but one to a thousand
compared with those who can see faults
in the labor of others.Friendship supplies the place of every-
thing to those who know how to use it.
It makes your property more happy,
your adversity more easy.Keep out of debt, out of quarrels, out
of damp clothes, out of reach of liquors,
and out of doors all you can in good
weather."He who will not reason is a bigot;
he who dare not is a slave; he who can
not, is a fool."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

One of the things that agitate Con-
gress at every session and stir up the
minds of our lawyers and nearly every-
body else in and about Washington, is
the famous McGarran claim. The
judiciary committee and public land
committee of both House and Senate
have each in turn wrestled with it, and
both Houses now have it before them,
with a faint prospect of getting it out of
the way forever. William McGarran is
the owner of a piece of land in Cali-
fornia, which he purchased of a grantee
of the Mexican government. His title
to this land, in all that constitutes evi-
dence of ownership, is perfect, and so,
in numberless instances, has been pro-
nounced. Between him and his patent
there stands a single technical obstacle:
A clerical omission by a copyist in the
Land Office—whether accidental or
fraudulent is unknown—merely formal,
not a substantial defect. Operating
against McGarran, is a rich corpora-
tion, known as the New Idria Quick-
silver Mining Company, which has
fought and baffled the poor Irishman
with the money it has made out of a
quicksilver mine on the premises. This
company is not known to the Land Of-
fice records, and nobody knows how it
acquired the shadow of a title to the
property in question. It does not belong
to McGarran; it belongs to the
United States; yet the manner in which
the company has maintained its fight is
but another illustration of the unjust
power of wealthy corporations. With
the large profits which rightfully belong
to the man it is comprising to rob, it
bribes officials, persuades members of
Congress, suborns perjuries, rewards
forgery, and subsidizes newspapers to
create public sentiment, and slander and
ridicule him whom it has determined to
destroy. It is the quicksilver of the
New Idria company, secretly administered
to persons of power and influence,
that puts in jeopardy the rights of the
proprietor, and prompts the efforts in
numerable ways to defame his character,
belong his title, immerse him in an
ocean of expenses, and divest him of
his estate. A report has just been filed
in the Senate which may possibly effect
a settlement of the case. It assumes
that the title to the property is in the
government, and offers a bill referring
the whole controversy to the courts, by
authorizing the claimant to bring suit
against the United States in the court of
claims, with power to appeal to the Su-
preme Court. This is similar to the
procedure in the case of the Hot Springs
property. If the final decision is in
favor of the United States, the court is
to order the property into the hands of
a receiver until Congress directs what
shall be done with it. This would seem
to be a fair disposition of the case, but
for the well-known delays of the courts,
which will give the company plenty of
time to add to their ill-gotten gains, and
by the use of them an unfair advantage
in the litigation.And now we have Congressmen from
Michigan, Eleuthery by name, who
thinks he can stop the flow of liquor
in Washington. He might as well un-
dertake to stop the flow of the Potomac
River. But he has introduced his little
bill. Some time ago he summoned the
keeper of the House restaurant and
asked him if he was selling beer, wine
and liquors in the Capitol. The answer
was in the affirmative, accompanied by
the information that it was only sold to
Congressmen, and that the majority of
them were with him. This is probably
the truth, and just what Eleuthery is
going to do about it I don't see. There is
already a very stringent rule forbidding
all drinks of a boozey nature from the
building, and Speaker Randall has
stated once or twice that he intended to
see it enforced. But what's the use? If
it is kept out of the restaurant it goes
into the committee-rooms, for Congress-
men will have their tipple. For a time
there was none on sale on the House
side, but the Senate caterer kept it, and
it was interesting to see the pairs of
Congressmen look across and walk over
to the Senate side about every fifteen
minutes. Now all they have to do is to
go down stairs and ask for cold tea. If
a stranger goes in and orders a cup of
tea the waiter looks at him sharply to
see if he tips the masonic wink; so I
think it is a mistake about the sale of
drinks being confined strictly to Con-
gressmen. If the honorable member
wants beer or ale, he asks for a pitcher
of milk, and the beverage is brought in
a little silver pitcher holding just a bot-
tle of beer.A bill has been introduced in the
House to regulate the charges of the
Pullman Palace Car Company and other
sleeping cars patented by the United
States. It certainly ought to pass. If
there is any one monopoly more than
another, in this country that needs regu-
lating, it is the Pullman Palace and
Sleeping Car Company. A good room,
with bath and all conveniences attached
and an excellent breakfast in the morn-
ing, can be obtained at the very best
hotels in the United States for what is
exact by this monopoly for a narrow,
contracted bunk in a nasty, ill-venti-
lated car. At most hotels these accom-
modations cost but half the sleeping
car charges, and when time is not the
consideration health and comfort are
served by stopping over. Few can en-
joy a good night's rest in the sleepers,
and fewer still escape them without badends or something worse, for the luxury
of which one doesn't like to pay a good
round price. The bill of Mr. Turner
provides that it shall be unlawful to
charge more than one dollar for the use
of the Palace Car, by one person for
twenty-four hours, under a penalty of
\$500 to \$5,000.The new pension bill, which has now
become a law, does not extend the ben-
efits to all not heretofore entitled to
them, but it removes the five years limi-
tation, and enables those who have neg-
lected their claims to come in and get
what others no more deserving have
secured. It also dates back to the day
of death or discharge all existing pen-
sions. It is estimated that over thirty
millions of dollars will be disbursed the
present year on account of the law, and
as the money goes mainly to poor peo-
ple who need it and will circulate it,
some small benefits to business may be
realized. Claim agents will not be
recognized by the Pension Bureau in the
disbursement of dues under this law.

FELIX.

Washington, D. C., February 6, 1879.

THE ANTI-CHINESE BILL.—Senator
Hamlin, chairman of the foreign rela-
tions committee, under instructions
from the majority, yesterday reported
the House Anti-Chinese bill back to the
Senate without recommendation. For
himself, however, he gave notice that
when it shall come up he will move its
immediate postponement. Being ques-
tioned whether this was the sense of the
committee or only of himself, he said he
only spoke for himself. Thereupon Sen-
ator Sargent gave notice that he will call
the bill up next Wednesday for prompt
action, as every Senator and Representa-
tive from the Pacific States is anxious
that it may become a law at this session.
It is impossible now to anticipate what
the Senate will do with this bill. Doubt-
less it will cause a very hot debate, and
every means will be taken by its ene-
mies to kill it by amendments, which
the House is supposed to be in no mood
to accept. And this will not be difficult
to do, considering that the apparent
ruling motive of the Democrats in the
House in passing the bill was par-
tisan clap-net, and not an honest pur-
pose of ridding the country of a great
and growing evil. We must of course
opinion that the only way the bill can
be saved from final defeat is for the
Senate to pass it without amendment,
and of this we have not much hope.—S.
F. Chronicle.No one has yet been able to analyze
or demonstrate the essential action of
perfume. Gas can be weighed, but not
perfume. The smallest known crea-
tures—the very moths of life—can be
caught by a microscopic lens and made
to deliver up the secrets of their organi-
zation, but what it is that emanates
from the pouch of a musk-deer that fills
a wide space of years with its penetra-
ting odor—an odor that an intolerable
number of extraneous substances can
carry off without diminishing its size
and weight—and what it is that the
warm summer brings to us from the
flowers, no man has yet been able to de-
termine. So fine, so subtle, so imper-
ceptible, it has eluded both our delicate
weights and measures and our strongest
senses. If we come to the essence of
each odor, we should have made an
enormous stride forward, both in hy-
giene and chemistry, and none would
profit more than the medical profession
if it could be as conclusively demon-
strated that such and such a perfume
from such and such a cause, as we al-
ready know of sulphur, sulphurated
hydrogen, ammonia and the like.A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.—"Sir,"
said a lad, coming down to one of the
wharves in Boston, and addressing a
well-known merchant, "Sir, have you
any berth for me on your ship? I want
to earn something.""What can you do?" asked the gen-
tleman."I can try my best to do whatever I
am put to," answered the boy."I have sawed and split all my moth-
er's wood for an odd year, and I can
saw and split.""What have you not done?" asked the
gentleman, which was a queer sort of
a question."Well, sir," answered the boy, after a
moment's pause, "I have whistled in
school for a whole year.""That is enough," said the gentleman;
"you may ship aboard this vessel, and I
hope to see you master of my ship some
day. A boy who can master a wood-pile
and bridle his tongue must be of good
stuff."There are over seven thousand Ameri-
cans studying in German universities,
and universities. The American consul at
Wurtemberg estimates that over \$4-
500,000 is thus annually expended by
Americans in Germany. This amount,
he thinks, would go a long way toward
building up and sustaining similar in-
stitutions at home. Among the evils
of a student's life in Germany, he cites
"the free and easy ways of social life
that surround them," and an attach-
ment to foreign customs which makes
them "restless under moral restraints,
and weakens their attachment to the
laws and systems of their native land."About this time the wife gets \$10
from her husband to buy a present,
and after treating some of her friends
at a restaurant, spends the balance upon
a diary for 1879. (Cincinnati Gazette.)
A sensible use to make of it. Much better
than loading with unappreciated gifts
the man who holds a pocket-book in the
stale joke?An honest Siberian, trundling a
hand-cart containing all his movable
possessions, was accosted by a friend who
said, "Well, Patrick, you are moving again, I see."
"Faith, I am," replied he. "The times
are so hard, it's a daisy cheaper hiring
hand-carts than paying rents."Women are proverbially severe in
their criticisms of each other's attire.
It makes all the difference in